

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER XXIII. A LADY'S VISIT.

CECIL LEADER was really much improving in health, a great deal owing, it must be said, to the Doctor's jealous supervision, which, in that one point, reached almost to despotism.

"I have a real regard for you, my dear boy," he said, "and can make no compromise with my conscience. You are free, of course—come to man's estate; and glad I am that *that's* not the only estate you have, and that they can't keep you out of it. But there we part, and go different roads."

"Dear Doctor, you know very well I wish to do anything you like."

"Besides, even for Katey and Polly's sake. If you only knew what those treasures of mine think of you, how shy they are of you, thinking you almost a philosopher, full of wisdom and restraint! 'Pon my honour and credit, it's beautiful to see the sweet trusting faith and simplicity of the two. 'Oh, Peter!' says Polly to me in her gay way. 'Don't let Mr. Leader know that. I'll die if you do.' Then Katey, demurely, 'See, Peter, you wouldn't let us down before Mr. Leader. Oh, I am so afraid of him.'"

"And what," said the young man, eagerly, "what was this thing? Oh, tell me!"

"What was it?" repeated the Doctor. "Oh, I gave them my word—oh, I daren't. Dear, dear, what pets they are! Why, sir, they're theatres, playhouses, balls, dinners, novels, poetry, all in a compendium for me. The whole diversion of London and Paris going on before me, from morning to night. Polly, like a sweet little Roman

candle sparkling and spluttering; Katey, like a soft tune in your ear, the Last Rose of Summer, going on all day long."

These artful raptures could not but affect the young man a great deal, and the glowing descriptions began to settle round the heads of the girls like an aureole. Apart from this, they were, indeed, as we have seen before, very charming and natural creatures, with whom it would be impossible to associate much without what a worldling would call "danger," burning your wings, or fingers, with other metaphors significant of disaster. Alas! for romance, that this should mean those "Caudine Forks" of matrimony, through which the vanquished must pass. Of such a humiliating finale Mr. Leader never dreamed. Here were two delightful companions, who were content to worship and admire him, who thought him witty and wise, who were terribly afraid of him, and who found perfect compensation in the simple pleasure of his society.

The Doctor's influence was still more confirmed by a sort of little crisis. He found his young patient one morning in deep distress, owing to a letter just received from Madeira, from Mrs. Leader. It was to the effect that Mr. Leader had received application from some money-lender as to certain bills, and was couched in the severest terms. "I am not your mother," she wrote; "but I am your father's wife, and I cannot see him disgraced in this way by his son. I know perfectly well how he has assisted you before—foolishly assisted you; with the usual result. But he now sees it is high time that some steps should be taken. No one knows better than you the heavy charges there are on the estate, which it will require the greatest prudence to

clear off. And yet you persist in these low, degrading ways. I have advised your father, and he thinks with me, that there is but one course to take—to let you pursue your own way, and extricate yourself as you can. And when you show some signs of prudence and amendment, I may then advise him to come to your assistance. I have, therefore, written to these people, declining to interfere. You must settle with them out of your allowance.”

The Doctor perused this letter very attentively and in deep thought. It indeed conveyed some new information to him.

“Unnatural, rather,” he said; “seems rather hard on you.”

“This is the way I am treated always,” said the young man, ready almost to cry. “But I know what’s at the bottom of it. It’s all that Randall Morrison, her brother, who toadies and curries favour with her, and helps to keep my father under her thumb.”

“Oh, that’s the way, is it?” said the Doctor; “and what do you propose to do?”

“Why, I’ll only be ruined. This Rosenthal will be down on me at once, and tell the colonel. But I don’t care! What am I to do? And I so sick and all, to be harassed in this way.”

“Well, it does seem funny,” said the Doctor, “that a young man of your prospects couldn’t have a little money to do what he liked with, like other young men, without having his own father set against him. Of course, I have no business to speak or advise, not being one of the family——”

“Do, my dear, dear Doctor, help and advise me; you are so sensible, and know everything.”

“Oh, I declare I could not. It’s a very delicate matter. Mrs. Leader is a great lady, and seems to control, and she is your father’s wife, and——”

The young man looked rather confounded at this plain declaration, but remained silent.

“No,” said the Doctor. “Of course I’m too humble an individual to interfere between you and your mother; but that’s no reason why I shouldn’t strive and help you in my little way. Now let us see how this matter stands.”

They went into the matter, the Doctor by adroit examination getting to the root of the whole. “Very well,” he said at the end. “I see there’s one thing to be done. I must just run up to town, see the

scoundrels, and make a settlement for you.”

The young man was overpowered with gratitude. The Doctor seemed to him a sort of guardian angel. He had never met any one who took such a *disinterested* interest in his concerns, and who, at the same time, had such power and such mental ability. Others had often volunteered to do things for him, and arrange difficulties, but it always turned out to be for their own advantage.

Suddenly the Doctor was seen at the window smiling and kissing his hands.

“Yes, pet! Heaven go with you!”

The young man ran over to the window. “Ah, Miss Katey!” he cried. It was that young lady tripping along, bound for some shopping.

“Ah! how slyly she looks up here, my pretty Katey. That’s half an eye for me, an eye and a half for some one else.”

The young man coloured.

“I don’t say for you, my boy,” went on the Doctor; “but for any sick creature. She’s like a sister of charity. Whist! Don’t let her see you,” went on the Doctor. “Ah! but what a figure of grace! My sweet Katey!”

“Oh, call her in! Let her pay me a visit. I want to speak to her. She must come in.”

The Doctor held him. “Well, you are a dreadful lad! You have a will of your own. Now, just nothing of the kind, master, will do here. It can’t be. And now I’m glad of the opportunity of speaking to you. It’s really not fair. You know, by this time, what sort of girls they are—not of the ‘garrison hack’ pattern. They’re too nice to be trifled with, or flirted with. I know the world, and must take care of them.”

A little taken back at this serious reproof, the young man said: “I’m sure there’s no harm meant; you’ve been all so kind to me, and it’s very hard that I couldn’t see them, and be with them, like friends, or like my sisters.”

“Sisters!” said the Doctor, with a comical look in his eye. “Oh, I don’t like that word at all! Keep clear of it, my dear boy. There’s many a deceiving buck, and wearing Her Majesty’s coat, too, who piles up his flirting and attentions, and when the big brother or the big father intervenes, cries out, ‘Look on her as a sister,’ and all that. No,” added the Doctor, grandly, “I wouldn’t take that from my own cousin. But now, just to show you

what confidence I have in you as a gentleman, Leader, see here." And he threw up the window, and in a stentorian voice shouted, "Katey, Katey, I want ye!"

The young girl was nearly out of sight, but she turned, and tripped back again. When she was under the window, he said, "Step up, dear, a moment." She hesitated, but obeyed. "I declare I didn't think she'd have come up! Hallo! What's the meaning of this?"

Katey was at the door, shy, frightened, half inclined to run away down-stairs, the situation almost scaring her.

"Here's th' invaleede at home, Katey," said her father. "He'll be as sound as a glass of old sherry in another week."

"Oh, I am so glad!" said she, eagerly. "Polly was wondering only this morning when you would be perfectly well."

"Oh, I am all right now," said the young man. "I am so glad you have come up to see me. I wanted to show you my room and my things. How is Miss Polly?"

"Polly's always well. I'd like to see the sickness that'd meddle with *her*! I'd rout him before you'd write five scrawls of a prescrip. Ah, look at that!" said the Doctor, in delight. "If there isn't Billy in the street. Don't mind me a second. I'll be up again. Billy has some joke in his head, or I'm no Irishman."

The Doctor had bounded out like a boy.

"I never met with such a funny creature as Peter," said the young man; "he's always up to sport."

"Oh," said Katey, earnestly, "he's delightful, if you only saw enough of him. Talk of Theodore Hook or Mr. Sidney Smith, people from London have told us that Peter is beyond them miles. And oh, Mr. Cecil, we have heard about your bravery, and the gallant way you behaved to the attorney officer. How you put him down at mess——"

"Oh, your father backed me up," he said, much pleased. "But are they talking of me?"

"No; but we were so anxious. Polly was for running in here herself. Such a fright as she was in all the morning. Those people with high spirits are always excitable. Now I can bring back word that it is all right."

"Nonsense," said the young man; "she don't care."

"But she does," said Katey, very earnestly. "You have seen her ardour and spirit; she throws herself heart and soul into everything. Peter always says that Polly must like or hate."

"And tell me, Miss Katey," said the young man, bashfully, "what do *you* do? Do *you* love or hate?"

"Oh, Mr. Cecil, Peter says I want character, and I am sure he is right."

"But, you don't hate me, I hope?"

Katey laughed. "'Deed no, Mr. Cecil; we both like you: and Polly says we have never had such fun as since you came. Isn't Polly made to be liked, Mr. Cecil? Did you ever see a girl so natural, so brilliant, and so unspoiled by admiration? If you only knew the compliments that are paid her. Lord Shipton was wildly in love, only he said he was too old."

"What a sister you are!" said he, in admiration. "I never heard of one sticking up so splendidly for another as you do. They're generally so jealous."

Katey opened her fine, soft eyes. "Sisters jealous! Perhaps up in London. I don't understand their ways."

"I am sure you don't," he said, eagerly. "I so like this talking to you. It makes me feel so pleasant. Won't you come again, and pay me a regular visit?" She looked a little taken back, so he added, hastily, "And I like to hear you talk of Miss Polly. You do it so nicely!"

Here was something to take home—a glorious concrete foundation on which to build. Her heart actually leaped within her, and her cheeks flushed.

"But tell me," said the young man abruptly, "what's this about you and that parson's son, that Clarke, I think they call him?"

"Oh, poor Tom!" she said with that tone of earnestness that so became her: "no one minds him, or me. He is a very good, honest boy—a fine fellow, too."

"But isn't he quite a countrified, rustic sort of fellow—I suppose has never been out of this parish? He's not fit for *you*!"

"Ah! he is," said Katey, pleadingly. "'Deed he is. He's a fine spirit under all, that noble lad. Fit for me! Surely what am I, to take airs, Mr. Leader? If it was Polly, indeed—why papa says, if she was sent up to the queen's own drawing-room, she'd have all the dukes and marquises running after her. Many of the great ladies, he says, would give all their diamonds and pearls, for her eyes, and bright complexion. Oh, if you saw her dressed, full dressed, as she went to the grand ball old Sir Thomas gave not long before he died! Oh, she was *splendid*!"

Katey grew so brilliant herself, as she dwelt on the charms of her sister, that

Cecil looked at her with an admiration which made her suddenly change colour.

"No," he said, suddenly and awkwardly, "that man is not fit for you. It would be throwing yourself away. If you were seen at the queen's drawing-room with all the jewels and dress, which a mere parson's son couldn't get you, but which a rich husband——"

CHAPTER XXIV. A QUARREL.

At this moment the Doctor entered suddenly, and with indignation.

"What, you here still! Oh, come now, get home, girl, where you should have been long ago. I don't like this kind of thing at all, and I can't have it. I'm trustee for your behaviour. It's wrong: and foolish——"

"But, Peter dear, you said I was to wait, and that you were coming back——"

"In the name of the County Court, am I to be tied down to every idle word, and guaranteed against being dragged off down a lane to see some poor family? I wonder ye haven't more sense. Now I just set my face, once for all, against this sort of thing! And I say it to your face, Mr. Leader, to whom I have said it before."

"Then it wasn't Miss Katey's fault—I detained her. She is not to blame at all."

"Then you are, Mr. Leader. Oh, I am not afraid, Katey, to say it to his face, I am a trustee"—at moments of excitement the Doctor's Macroom pronunciation would overpower him—"for the respectability of my children: all that I have, beyond a small worldly substance, to leave them. I'm no duke or peer of the rellum, or marquis or bar'net; and have only just our little margin of family pride to take care of. Katey, I'm much displeased with you for this; come home, child, at once."

The young man was taken back at this severity, and saw that Katey was a little frightened. We may suppose the Doctor was seriously angry at this business. Certainly, as he saw her down-stairs he continued the severe reprimand that he had been giving her. He then turned back, and went into the room again.

As Katey opened the gate a young man crossed over the road, and with a flushed face planted himself before her. It was an admirer—the parson's son. "Katey, Katey. I saw you go into that officer's house, and—by yourself."

Katey had a strong spirit, as will be seen later in this narrative, lying hidden, like metal in a mine, and only waiting foreign

action to bring it out. This prompted her to answer independently, for she resented the suspicion. But she thought it kinder to say hastily:

"Oh, but Peter was with me."

"Peter with you!" cried the young man, much hurt: "why I saw him go in long after you. Why will you not be open with me?"

Why not, indeed? With whom would not Katey have been open, even with the closest? But she had forgotten that little fact, she really had. And she was woman enough to find the best defence in exchanging defence for attack.

"This is uncalled for, and cruel," she said; "I cannot tell you what I feel to a man that spies upon me. What have I to do with Mr. Cecil Leader? It is Polly who is so beautiful, and whom every one that sees her admires. He is dazzled by her, and we all do our best to help, for you know well, that Polly is much too generous to think of herself, and lucky and happy he will be if he gets her."

"Katey," he said excitedly, "it is you who are too generous and unselfish. You do not know what is going on. Do you suppose that we haven't eyes and ears? Your father is a very clever man, and is playing this game now, and does not care how he wins it, whether with her or with you. I have been watching, and wiser heads than mine, too, have seen what his scheme is! It is cold-blooded, heartless; it makes no matter which of the two this poor feeble boy is made to choose; either will do, and either must be sacrificed. It is notorious over the place."

"Have you done?" she said, with a trembling voice, and a flushed cheek. "And you dare to slander my dear father in that way?"

"I don't care for your father where you are concerned. I tell you, Katey, I am heartily weary of the life I live here in this wretched place, with its monotony, and pettiness, and gossip. I long to get out into the free open world; to the grand colonies, where there is room for a man to stretch his arms, to work, to grow rich, to enjoy life; instead of dawdling on here, and subsiding into a curate! I hate all this; and you know well that there is but one thing that reconciles me to the sacrifice, and that is the hope of winning you."

The colour came to her cheek.

"Sacrifice, and for me, Tom," she said. "We want nothing of that sort. It is unkind of you to speak in that way to me."

"Oh, I must speak the truth, it is much too serious for me. I know perfectly well what is on foot, and what your father is about. It is talked of all over the place. It is just as that racing fellow does, Jasper, who has his two horses, and doesn't care with which he wins. I thought Katey was too noble, too brave, to lend herself to such a scheme. It's not worthy of you, nor of Doctor Findlater."

"What, sir? Pray what's not worthy of me?" said a voice behind them. "This is fine criticism, Mr. Tom Clarke! What's that about, Katey?"

"Oh, nothing, Peter," said she, "only he doesn't approve of my going in to see Mr. Leader. And I tell him that he has no right to suspect me, or to impute designs to me!" Words spoken with ebbing and flowing colour, and a trembling voice.

"No more he has, my pet. And I think it's scarcely called for. Now, Katey, say good-bye, and go in to your mother, who's waiting for you. There!" And Katey, haughty as a princess, walked away into the house. The Doctor looked after her in smiling abstraction. When the door had closed on her, he turned sharply on the young man; there was mischief in his eye.

"See here, Mister Clarke, I can read you, like one of the large books they give to old weak-sighted folk. Now this won't do—plainly and above board, it won't do—you mistake your footing."

"Doctor Findlater, what can you mean?"

"I've seen it for some time—a kind of proprietorship. It's unmanly, even mean, Tom Clarke. I'm surprised. I took you for something above that. I assure you it's hurt me."

"This is quite a new tone, Doctor Findlater, but I can understand it. I am sharp enough to see the reason. Ever since this regiment came, it has been only too transparent, not only to me but to the whole parish."

The Doctor turned on him in a second; perhaps he had counted on this very speech.

"Stop there, sir—don't say a word more. Ah, you've shown yourself! How dar' you presume t' impute such a thing to my spotless child? How dar' you?"

"Not to her, nor to you—"

"I know well what you mean; what dirty imputations are wrapped up in that old rag of an excuse. You'd say, sir, because we cultivate the genteel society of military men, that we're scheming to catch them, to take them. My poor Katey and

Polly—my sweet, innocent cherries on one stalk, to think you should be turned into scheming hacks! I declare the notion is comic, so it is!"

"I assure you, you misunderstand me," said the young man, terrified at this view. "I never meant it: it would be sacrilege."

"Oh, leave it so," said the Doctor, quietly, "it's gone far enough. My poor Katey! To come from such a quarter; on you, above all. Now, not a word more. It puts the matter on a correct footing. See, my good boy, I don't blame you; you act according to your lights. But it qualifies the preceding position altogether; that's understood. Touch one of my daughters, and I turn porcupine, with quills in every direction."

"Just answer me," said the young man, imploringly; "we are old friends." (There was a comic expression in the Doctor's face.) "Well, I mean for the time that you have been here. Just say, plainly, that you don't mean to sacrifice Katey to this poor, rich, weak fellow—"

"You're very forward, sir. Who gave you a patent to make such inquiries; and inquiries couched in the most offensive way? But you're young, my poor lad. I am ashamed to be talking to you as I would to a pundit. But, see here, as you've chosen to accuse a daughter of mine of scheming, and trying to entrap—yes, you did, sir!" added the Doctor, fiercely; "don't forget yourself more, for I don't want to have the *inconvenience* of a quarrel with you; but after an impewtation of that sort, the preceding intercourse must be abated. That's only my duty as a father. Good-day, sir."

BELL-METAL.

EVERY one has read about the enormous bells made in Russia and China; and nearly every one has some acquaintance with the troubles which at first beset the two bells cast successively for the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. But there are many interesting facts connected with the tones or sounds of bells which are not so familiar. Those sounds had formerly much more importance attached to them than they have now. A firm belief existed that the sound of church bells would drive away thunder and lightning, and also repel demons and evil spirits; in fact, these were parts of the same superstition, seeing that the production of thunder

and lightning was attributed to the malevolent agency of fiends. The bishops of the church used to baptise bells, for the purpose (as an old writer expressed it) of "driving away devils and tempests; and for this purpose did invite many rich god-fathers, who were to touch the rope while the bell was exorcised, and its name invoked." Wynkyn de Worde presented the matter in his *Golden Legend* in a somewhat similar form: "It is said, that the evil spirytes that ben in the region of th' ayre doute moche when they here the belles ringen when it thondreth, and when grate tempeste and rages of wether happen, to the ende that the feinds and wycked spirytes should ben abashed and flee, and cease of the movynge of tempeste." Brand states that at old St. Paul's the great bell was rung during thunder-storms; and some of the cits of those days were credited with a belief, that when that bell rang, all the ale in the city turned sour. At Geneva, just before the days of Calvin, the bells of the convents were rung to drive away spirits and storms. Fuller would have nothing to do with the theory; he denounced it, because "The frequent firing of abbey churches by lightning confuteth the proud motto; for it appeareth that abbey steeples, though quilted with bells almost cap-à-pie, were not proof against the sword of God's lightning." Times were when bells were also rung during eclipses, to drive away the malevolent fiend who was supposed to hide the beautiful face of the sun or moon.

It was a very frequent custom to include a rhymed enumeration of these and other uses of church bells in the inscriptions they bore. One English form, frequently adopted, was this:

To call the folks to church in time—I chime.
When mirth and joy are on the wing—I ring.
When from the body parts the soul—I toll.

But more generally the thunder and lightning, or the evil spirits, or both, were also included:

Men's death I tell, by doleful knell;
Lightning and thunder, I break asunder;
On sabbath all, to church I call;
The sleepy head, I call from bed;
The winds so fierce, I do disperse;
Men's cruel rage, I do assuage.

They assumed a more compact and elegant form, however, in some of the Latin mottoes, such as the following:

*Laudo Deum verum, Plebem voco, congrego Clerum,
Defunctos ploro, Pestum fugo, Festa decoro.*

Or the following, in which the couplets of words are to be read downwards:

Convoco	Signo	Noto	Compello	Concino	Ploro
Armas	Dies	Horas	Fulgura	Festa	Rogos.

Or the following:

*Funera plango—Fulgura frango—Sabbata pango
Excito Lentos—dissipo Ventos—paco Cruentos.*

There is one story of a bell in which the protective agency is very positively asserted. In Durham cathedral it was a custom a few years ago (and perhaps still is) for the surpliced choristers to ascend the belfry-tower on the eve of Corpus Christi, and sing the *Te Deum*, in celebration of the following incident: In 1429 a fire broke out in the cathedral, while the monks were praying at midnight; it raged in the tower for many hours, and yet the belfry and the bells were almost wholly uninjured. So recently as 1852 the Roman Catholic church bells of Malta were ordered by the bishop to be rung, as a means of driving away a storm. On the other hand, the ringers in a French belfry are said to have been struck with lightning while ringing during a storm.

The sound of a bell depends, of course, on many different circumstances or conditions. One of these is the metal of which the bell is composed. The mixed metals or alloys illustrate in an instructive way the differences of quality which result from differences in the proportion of ingredients. Copper and tin produce the metal bronze; in other proportions they yield speculum metal, for making the brilliantly white reflectors of telescopes; while in other proportions, again, they furnish bell-metal. The Chinese in their gongs and the Europeans in their bells have seen reason to employ pretty nearly the same kind of metal. There is always much more copper than tin; but every bell-founder has his favourite recipe in this matter. Some adopt simply four of copper to one of tin; some thirty-two copper to nine of tin. Big Ben has about twenty-two of copper to seven of tin. Mr. Layard found at Nineveh bells which had as much as ten parts copper to one of tin. It is, therefore, evident that no very great amount of exactness is necessary in this matter. It is considered, in a general way, that an extra dose of tin improves the sound, but renders the alloy more brittle; the founder, therefore, establishes a balance of advantages according to his judgment and experience. When a large bell is annealed very slowly, the sonorous quality of the mass is improved.

Bell-metal, though the most general, is

not the only material for bells. Sometimes a little lead, arsenic, or zinc, is added to the copper and tin. It used to be a favourite idea that silver, thrown into the melting furnace, improves the tone of a bell. In casting the tenor-bell of Lavenham church, the neighbouring gentry, after drinking to the toast of "Church and King" out of silver tankards, threw the tankards into the melting-pot. Smaller bells have often been made of silver alone, as if to justify, or to be justified by, the allusion to "silvery tones." At the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842, one of the lots consisted of a very beautiful silver bell made by Benvenuto Cellini, for Pope Clement the Seventh; its exterior was chased or sculptured with a profusion of lizards, grasshoppers, flies, and other reptiles and insects; and its intended purpose was, by its silvery sound, to drive away all obnoxious assemblages of such creatures. Among the oddities of this subject was the bequest of a silver bell to the school at Wreay in Sussex, by a Mr. Graham, in 1661. On an appointed day every year, two of the boys, who had been chosen captains, were to sally forth, each followed by his partisans, distinguished by blue and red ribbons, and march in procession to the village green; there their fighting-cocks were to have a match; and on the result of this match was to depend the honour of possessing the silver bell for the next twelve months, the successful captain bearing it away suspended from his hat. As for other metals besides copper, tin, and silver, it is known that steel and iron are occasionally used for church bells. Such bells have been cast in Westphalia, at Sheffield, and at Dundee, near Glasgow. Steel bells are lighter and cheaper than those of bell-metal, and yield a rich and brilliant tone; but the sound is said to be unable to penetrate to a great distance. Cast iron, with the addition of a little tin, has been tried; but the alloy was far too brittle. Glass bells, and wooden bells, are also talked about; but we do not see how the former could bear any hammering or clapping, nor how the latter could yield a sound worth hearing. One of the missionaries to Fiji, however, has described a bell or sounding instrument made from the hollowed trunk of a tree, like a trough, and placed on a coil of rope or some other elastic mass on the ground; when struck at one end with a mallet, it gives out a sort of stifled roar which we are told could be heard twelve miles off.

The sound of a bell is further dependent

on size, shape, and proportion. The familiar "bell-shape" is not a mere random guess or fancy. It has been found by experiment, after comparing sounding bodies shaped like springs, spirals, hemispheres, tuning-forks, gongs, cylinders, flat plates, &c., that a bell of the ordinary shape, and of the same weight, will give out its sound to a greater distance than any of them: albeit, some of the others yield rich and deep tones. In describing the several parts and proportions of a bell, the founders speak of it almost as a living being, with its head, mouth, waist, and haunch. Some bells are made with very long waists, almost cylindrical; but this is not a general characteristic.

As to the actual tone, pitch, or musical note of a particular bell, it does not depend on any one of the dimensions singly, but on the relation between the diameter, height, and thickness. The larger the diameter the deeper the tone, height and thickness remaining unaltered; the thinner the metal the deeper the tone, diameter and height remaining unaltered. The German bell-founders adopt a kind of average rule, maintaining certain ratios between the diameter of the mouth, the diameter of the head or upper part, the height, and the thickness of metal; and a certain ratio between the weight of the bell and the weight of the clapper. In this way they can make a pretty good guess beforehand at the tone which a bell will yield. English bell-founders have ratios of their own, which they regard in some sense as trade secrets. In practice, however, there are often unforeseen and unexplained difficulties in the matter; the Royal Exchange bell, for instance, is said to have failed in yielding either the pitch or the quality of tone intended. By filing or chipping away some of the metal at the thickest part, called the "sound-bow," where the hammer or clapper strikes, the tone is deepened; whereas by reducing the diameter of the lower edge it is raised. The Great Tom of Lincoln, though smaller than the great bell of St. Paul's, is heavier, on account of its greater thickness, and yields a higher tone. Connoisseurs in bell-science aver that modern church bells do not throw out such rich penetrating sounds as the bells cast many centuries ago; and they attribute this to the pernicious craving for cheapness which is now besetting us. A thin large bell will yield a note of the same pitch as a smaller bell containing greater thickness of metal; but the tone is poor and meagre. The monster bell at Moscow, which is estimated to weigh four to five

hundred thousand pounds, never had the good fortune to be hung up, and therefore its exact pitch cannot be accurately stated. In fact it can only have a crazy pitch at best, seeing that there is a broken gap in it nearly as large as the side of a small room. When Dr. Clarke was in Russia, he asked permission to assay or analyse the metal of which the bell is composed, to ascertain whether silver is one of the components, in accordance with a popular theory; but his request was not complied with. About thirty years ago, however, the late Emperor Nicholas caused an analysis to be made: when it was found that the metal consists of about six copper to one tin, with scarcely any trace of other ingredients. The bell now forms a sort of roof or dome to a tiny chapel excavated underneath it, in the pit where it was originally cast. As to small bells, the makers are credited with the observance of certain rules for shape, size, and thickness, according to the purpose to which each kind of bell is applied. In the days when the postman's bell, the dustman's bell, the muffin bell, and the crier's bell made a greater clatter in the streets than they do now, each kind was said to have a pretty uniform tone or pitch; and it may be that some such uniformity is observed in the railway bell, the dock bell, the ship bell, the ostler's bell, the sheep bell—though we cannot vouch for it.

As the sound of a bell may be made of any pitch that the maker pleases, it is obvious that all the notes for an octave, or for many octaves, may be produced; and a set of bells thus becomes a musical instrument. At Antwerp there is (or was) a set of thirty-three in the cathedral tower, well attuned, and giving forth brilliant sounds. Such sets of bells are called carillons in many parts of the Continent. They are played something like a pianoforte. The player thumps (for mere pressure will not do) on keys, pellets, or movable pegs; these keys are connected by bands or rods with hammers, and the hammers strike the bells. For the bass notes, the feet tread on pedals; but the treble notes are played by hand, the player protecting the edge of the palm with a leathern shield. Some of the carillons have as many as fifty bells; and some are played by clockwork, like the Apollonicon of former days. The name carillons is occasionally given to the tunes played, as well as to the instrument itself.

There are some curious legends about subterranean bells, invisible bells supposed to be ringing by some mysterious agency

underground. In a certain parish in Nottinghamshire, a church is said to have been swallowed up by an earthquake in the days long long ago; and those veritable bells, some of the rustics declare, can be heard ringing at Christmas. Something similar is claimed for a Westmoreland parish—provided the ear be placed near the ground on a Sunday. In Lancashire, there is another instance, in which the invisible bells choose Christmas Eve as their time for playing.

Still more of these curious old beliefs relate to invisible bells ringing under water. Once upon a time, a ship was bringing some church bells to the coast of Cornwall; the ship was wrecked and all hands lost; and there are the bells to be heard in the bay, lifting up their mournful sounds from the sea whenever a storm is coming on. A somewhat similar story is told at St. Ouen's in France; where the fishermen refuse to go to sea if, on putting the ear down near the level of the water, they hear the invisible bells; the sound denotes bad weather impending. What it is that they really do hear, possibly a scientific man might help them to determine; seeing that there are many peculiar sounds produced by the wind in certain states of the weather which a credulous person might believe to be bell sounds. Many persons, in danger of drowning, have believed that they heard the sound of bells while they were under water. There was a Danish sailor some years ago, who, after being immersed some time, and then rescued from imminent peril, declared that he heard the bells of Copenhagen just before he lost consciousness. In another case, an Englishman, in a somewhat similar predicament, declared that he had heard sounds as if "all the bells of heaven were ringing him into paradise;" although there was only one church-bell within half a dozen miles, and that one cracked. Would not the well-known effect called "singing in the ears," when the head is immersed in water, suffice to explain these marvels?

BERCK-SUR-MER.

THE United Kingdom has often congratulated itself on being composed of islands of moderate size. The reasons for this jubilation have mostly been the protection from foreign enemies afforded by the sea, the sustenance and wealth derivable from fisheries, or the facilities for trading by cheap water-carriage with all parts of the

world. Less frequently have joy and thankfulness been expressed for the health, and the consequent vigour of mind and body, to which our maritime situation greatly contributes.

Even when the result is acknowledged, the cause is not always fairly appreciated. We are aware that invisible atoms floating in the air, breathed in or absorbed by the human body, will, after a time, ferment, as it were, and leaven the whole system, till their power is manifested by such terrible disorders as small-pox, cholera, or plague. Everybody knows that divers diseases are catching, although mortal eye cannot see how they are caught. But everybody does not know that certain invisible particles suspended in certain regions of the atmosphere, breathed in and absorbed by the lungs and the skin, are antidotes to disease. Instead of poisoning the bodily system, they purify it. They are medicinal in lieu of being deleterious. By inhaling them you may catch a sound constitution, just as by imbibing the above-mentioned miasms you may catch a pestilence.

Now, these health-conferring particles are especially given out by the sea. They are contained in various proportions (but always contained in some proportion) in sea air, sea produce, and sea water. We can, therefore, insure their beneficial effects by taking up our residence at some favourable spot upon the coast, in order to inhale sea breezes, adopt a full proportion of sea diet (fish and the edible sea plants—it is wrong to call them weeds), and frolic in sea baths. It is this fact which induces us to devote a few columns to Berck-sur-Mer, or Berck-by-the-Sea.

This Berck is a village lying on the coast of the Department of the Pas-de-Calais, France, and is reached from the Montreuil-Verton railway station on the line from Boulogne-sur-Mer to Paris. By a lucky accident, namely, the residence at Montreuil-sur-Mer of a benevolent, far-sighted, and persevering physician, Dr. Paul Perrochaud, Berck has become a sanitary resort to which hundreds of the rising generation will owe, not merely restoration to health and strength, but life itself.

Although sea-bathing for amusement and cleanliness has been practised from time immemorial in all hot and temperate countries which are fortunate enough to have a sea, sea-bathing as a "cure," or mode of medical treatment, is an English invention of recent date. Indeed, so long as scrofula was a "king's evil," to be cured "presto!"

miraculously, by a royal touch, what need was there to weary one's patience and shock one's nerves by long exposure to blustering winds, monotonous and even distasteful food and drink, cold dips, and buffetings with chilly waves? But faith in the touching remedy, as a royal road to health, has died out.

We have already recorded how Dr. Russell, in a book published in 1750, addressed to the Duke of Newcastle, and entitled, *De Tabæ Glandulari, seu de Usa Aquæ Marinæ* (On Glandular Disease, or the Use of Sea Water), gave the sea its vogue, which has ever since gone on increasing.* He explained its virtues, and made it the fashion.

Russell could hardly guess at the time that his ideas, based on popular instinct, would be confirmed by modern science. Such, however, has been the event; and now, with the increasing spread of knowledge, the sanitary properties of the sea are as anxiously sought in France as ever they were in England. In the paper referred to we have already recorded how Dr. Paul Perrochaud, in combination with M. Frère, after successful experiments on several little patients, obtained the means of placing, as a further trial, in a private house on the beach at Berck, as many scrofulous children as could be attended to by the person who undertook to board and lodge them. In 1858 and 1859, more than fifty children, of both sexes, sent to Berck, were completely cured of the scrofulous affections under which they were suffering.

This result led to the erection, on the beach of Berck, of a wooden hospital for scrofulous children, containing one hundred beds. Such good success followed its establishment, that there now stands on the beach beside it, a noble building of brick and stone, called *L'Hôpital Napoléon*, capable of accommodating with ease five hundred and four children, without reckoning eighty infirmary beds. At the present writing it contains something more than three hundred patients: all poor children sent from the Children's Hospitals in Paris. The snug and comfortable wooden hospital, which has done such good service, to our great delight is suffered to remain. Instead of being pulled to pieces and removed, now that it is superseded by its stately neighbour, it is to make itself useful in another

* See *Sands of Life*, ALL THE YEAR ROUND, First Series, vol. v. p. 585.

form, namely, as a *Maison de Santé*, also for the resort and benefit of scrofulous children.

The Grand Hospital, as has been stated, is for the reception of poor children from the Paris hospitals; but parents, without being actually poor, may find it a great boon to be able to send ailing children to a seaside infirmary, where they will have every comfort, with first-rate medical attendance, for a franc or a franc and a half per day, at most. Take the cost at forty francs a month; that makes four hundred and eighty francs, or less than twenty pounds a year—which many and many a parent would gladly spare, to procure for a sick child such great advantages. With five hundred young folks, then, in the *Hôpital Napoléon*, and one hundred in the *Maison de Santé*, Berck can accommodate six hundred little patients who require sea air either for their recovery, or simply to keep them alive.

Nor is this all. M. Rothschild, seeing what has been effected, has bought a piece of ground on the beach, and is building thereon a hospital for the scrofulous children of Jewish parents, of which Dr. Perrochaud is to be the medical head. One good work has called forth another, and it possibly may not be the last of its kind. Moreover, there have sprung up, like mushrooms, sundry *châlets*, marine villas, and lodging-houses, for the reception of invalids in easy circumstances, repairing from the interior either for the benefit of the sea and good medical advice, or merely for a healthy change. In consequence of this affluence of divers strangers, land at Berck has doubled and trebled in value. Dr. Perrochaud now resides there permanently, having relinquished his practice at *Montreuil-sur-Mer*. He is settled in the midst of his work, and also of his works, on which he can look with honest pride, and can rejoice in the results of unflagging perseverance in a holy cause. It is not every man who sets a good thing going, and has the happiness to witness its accomplishment.

Before describing the *Hôpital Napoléon*, we will mention how it is maintained and worked. The funds for its erection and support were and continue to be supplied by the *Assistance Publique* of Paris—a body, which may almost be called a power, entirely occupied with works of charity, and principally with the maintenance of hospitals. For instance, the *Hôtel-Dieu*, at Paris, is one of its many establishments.

The *Assistance Publique* is immensely rich. One item of its revenues is the tenth of the gross receipts (not the profits) of all the theatres and places of public amusement in Paris. Every evening, whether at the Grand Opera, the snug *Athénée*, or the modest conjuring room of Robert-Houdin's successors, the tenth part of the money taken is set aside for the *Assistance Publique*. Consequently, when that body wants to do good deeds grandly, it is not stopped by want of cash.

Again: the service in the *Hôpital Napoléon* is not performed by hired nurses or domestics, but by sixty Franciscan Sisters of Charity, whose zeal and self-devotion are beyond all praise. Of course they act under the directeur, the able and courteous M. Magdeleine, to whose part fall, as his title implies, the general management, housekeeping, and direction of the establishment. Their nursing duties and attendance on the patients are guided by the *médecin*, our excellent friend Dr. Paul Perrochaud. Both those gentlemen are handsomely lodged in the hospital, in commodious suites of apartments facing the sea, the directeur on the first-floor, the doctor on the second. The third-floor is occupied by employés. The almoner has a detached residence, or presbytery, in one of the courts, looking out on the dunes. The workmen (as the carpenter, the plumber, the steam-engine man, the carter, &c.), are also lodged in separate buildings, so as to form two little colonies by themselves. The Sisters of Charity live together in spacious apartments in the façade next the sea.

Those worthy women bear the brunt of all the duties and all the hard work that are possible to be performed by female hands. The sister who acts as head cook has sisters under her as assistant cooks, kitchen-maids, and scullions. They have a grand kitchen, which might pass for a vast laboratory, but that you are shown a laboratory proper, close to a well-stored surgery, and fitted up with all sorts of vessels and stores, for the making of medicinal drinks. There is a sister, with assistants, in charge of the linen, which is piled in racks in such plenty, that steps, sliding along a little railway, pass from pile to pile to enable it to be got at. There are sisters also to take care of the clothing, the little blouses, pantaloons, waistcoats, and the like; for the children are clad, as well as lodged, fed, and nursed. The clothing department is down-stairs; the

linen up-stairs, for the sake of air. Such an enormous stock of linen implies no small amount of washing. In the washhouse, the sisters do everything, rubbing, wringing, and hanging out to dry. Moreover, the sisters keep school; and there are four school-rooms in all: two for the elder children of either sex, and two for the little ones. In the school-rooms are a couple of "lits de repos," comfortable, leather-covered elastic sofas, for children to go and lie down upon, when their backs are tired with sitting up. Out of school-hours, the sisters supervise and direct the sports. The little patients play, fencing gaily with swords of lath, or going through a mock fight with their crutches, either in the open air, weather permitting, or in the lofty covered gymnasiums with comfortable stoves to warm them, and floors thickly covered with sand to avert all danger from awkward falls.

Let us look at this fine hospital from the sandy beach. The rising tide prevents our taking a distant view, but we can get far enough away from it to comprehend its plan. The buildings common to all are in the centre; properly, the most conspicuous of these is the handsome church. The left portion of this palace of charity is occupied by the boys, the right by the girls; one side answering exactly to the other. Every building and room, not intended for general use, is repeated in impartial duplicate. On each side is a room for the dressing of wounds and sores, and on each side a letter-box, for the free use of children who *can* write to their parents, and who *will*. There is no estrangement of the inmates from their families. Parents can come and see their children, with the director's cognisance, whenever they choose. And with all this complete separation of the sexes, you can walk throughout the whole establishment without going out into the open air. The several departments are connected by spacious corridors, not open like cloisters, but closed with windows; which windows are decorated with pots of flowers. Indeed, flowers constitute one of the pleasures of the place. If sufficient quantities are not to be had in the neighbourhood, never mind; they are sent from Paris. The corridors are lighted with gas, made on the spot, from six in the morning, so long as gaslight at that hour is needed. In short, the hospital is a town under cover, inhabited by a population of luxuriously maintained and almost-spoiled children—and that purposely; because spoiling sick

babes and feeding them well, have a wonderfully curative effect.

To these comforts we would suggest one little addition. The corridors and the children's school-rooms are all paved with cement or stone. It is true that, in the school-rooms there is a wooden bar by way of a footstool, on which the children can rest their feet, and so keep them from contact with the chilling pavement; but this little precaution for the non-conduction of vital heat from the extremities is hardly sufficient. Moreover, not a few of the sisters, whether through their habits of early youth, or as an act of discipline and self-denial, perform their service barefooted, as we have seen Scotch lassies do it. Now, it would greatly add, not merely to the comfort, but to the appearance of the hospital, were those corridors and school-rooms carpeted or matted. A broad coloured stripe running along the perspective of those vast galleries would be a not less effective decoration than the pleasing lines of flowers and verdure; while it would greatly contribute both to the comfort and the noiselessness of passing feet.

It will already have been made evident to the reader that, notwithstanding that its mainspring and machinery differ so widely from those obtainable in England, the Hôpital Napoléon well deserves a visit by Englishmen engaged in the administration of similar institutions. Thus it is a wise although an obvious arrangement that the dormitories on the ground-floor should be appropriated to children who are obliged to use crutches, and who would have more or less difficulty in mounting staircases. In these spacious rooms, as elsewhere, the beds are placed very far apart; there is not the slightest approach to crowding, nor is the faintest bedroom smell perceptible. So lofty are the ceilings, and so numerous the windows, that the insensible ventilation suffices to keep the air pure at night, until, by day, a few windows can be partially opened. The insensible ventilation is further assisted in winter by the fires burning in the stoves which warm the rooms.

Over each bed is a card, on which are inscribed the number of the patient, the christian and surname, the special affection under which he is suffering, and the name of the doctor who attended him in Paris. The bedding is most comfortable, elastic, and clean. We inspected it, mentally applying the test, "Could we sleep well in such a bed ourselves?" Answer, "Certainly, yes." In the babies' rooms (children under three

or four years of age*), the beds are surrounded with a low network, to prevent their occupants tumbling out. At their head is a little iron shelf, on which to deposit supplies of herb-drinks, as well as toys, fruit, and other sundries in which all children take delight. Necessarily, the room is furnished with little tables and little benches, before which the inmates can sit and play in little chairs. Accessories to the dormitories are curtained or boxed-in retreats or cabinets, for the use of the sisters on service for the night; also lavatories fitted up with enamelled basins ingeniously swinging on a hinge, so as to be instantly emptied into the sink below. To each patient is assigned, and numbered, his own private towel, sponge, and brush.

Admirable is the swimming-bath, which, during winter, is filled (by the steam-engine) with warm sea-water three times a week. It is, in fact, a spacious conservatory with a pool in the middle, around which is a framework of thrifty plants, while flowers, drooping from tasty vases, hang suspended from the transparent roof. Nor is warm sea-bathing its only purpose. On Christmas evenings and other winter fêtes, the bath being emptied, and the floor well dried, the children are treated either to Christmas-trees profusely hung with oranges, or to the more ideal delights of dissolving views and the magic lantern.

The swimming-bath does not supersede vapour and shower-baths, after using which the patients retire to well-warmed dressing-rooms. The little children have likewise to themselves a room for cold sea or fresh-water baths, each bath screened by a marble partition, and each bather having a slab of cork to stand on. Indeed all ranks and conditions here have their special bath-rooms.

Bathing gives an appetite; which leads us to the refectories. The children sit, on benches, on one side only of the tables, which are of marble, in such a way that they all face the middle of the hall. Each child has a glass engraved with the initials A. P., from which to drink excellent Abbe-

ville beer (the regulation beverage, wine being given only on the doctor's special order), a knife, fork, and spoon, and a napkin folded in a numbered ring. Their diet is choice, liberal, and varied. Twice a week there arrive from Paris provisions and dainties not to be had on the spot in sufficient abundance. We saw in the larder and store-rooms, artichokes, brocoli, and preserved fresh vegetables in plenty. The neighbourhood supplies milk and fish at will, the latter being especially desirable on account of the phosphates it contains, fresh herring taking high rank.

The patients' day is laid out thus. Children not confined to bed, rise at six. This early hour is fixed to give time for their toilette, and especially for those unable to dress themselves. Breakfast at seven; bread and milk, once a week chocolate. Half-past seven, mass in church. Eight to nine, walks. Nine to eleven, baths or school. The children, as far as possible, have two hours schooling per day; from nine to ten, and from one to two. Eleven, dinner; say, as a sample, soupe maigre, roast meat, and stewed prunes, but always consisting of three different dishes. After dinner till one, recreation, in the form of play, gymnastics, gardening, or sewing. The authorities hold that for children under nine, the best gymnastics are those which they improvise in their sports. It is also remembered that the bones of the inmates cannot without danger be exposed to abrupt or violent movements. One to two, school. Two to four, baths, work-room, collation; bread (sliced by machinery), seasoned either with butter, cheese, preserves, or fresh fruits. Four to five, religious instruction and reading. Five to six, walks. Six, supper; say, soup, boiled meat, and fresh vegetables, but always three dishes. Half-past six to eight, reading or recreation, according to the weather. Eight, bed.

The hospital's handsome and richly decorated church, like the rest of the establishment, can be reached by all the patients without going into the open air. There is ample room there for everybody, healthy and sick, high and low, inmates and strangers. At the back of the church, corresponding with the sacristy, is a room furnished with little iron bedsteads fitted with white mattresses, and decently draped with white curtains. These are for the reception of children who die in the hospital, until the time of their interment.

* As a rule, the hospital is devoted to the treatment of children not less than four, and not more than fifteen years of age. As the exception, a certain number of children are admitted at two years old. In such cases, at four years old, the deformations of the skeleton have mostly become irremediable; consequently, a valuable therapeutic measure would be employed two years too late. Applied in good time, it has the double result of preventing osseous deformities, and effecting a rapid cure.

But fortunately the great majority of cases at Berck result in cures, ever since the adoption of the maritime treatment of scrofula in childhood.

THE GRUB-STREET POET'S VISION.

BARDS of ancient time were bless'd with visions,
Did not Dante see again his Beatrice
On the broad golden steps of Heaven at sunset,
Calm in serenity of changeless peace?

Grub-street now, alas! has lost such seers,
Baillif-harpies vex its garret dwellers;
No more nectar from bright Hebe's beaker,
Fills the rich hogheads in the poet's cellars.

And yet, kind angels, how I flaunt my falsehood,
Lo, there descends a gracious vision. See!
Where the huge bow of the proud crescent Quadrant,
Bends with such power and stately majesty.

Yes! look in yonder gravely rolling chariot,
In Roman triumph to a poet's seeming,
There sits a very queen; but, nay, a goddess,
The Venus of my fifty years of dreaming.

How like the face of her from whom I parted
In anger thirty weary years ago;
Ah! she regards me not: yet would she know me,
Poor, old, and worn with life's rough ebb and flow?

Unchanged her face, ye gods of old Olympus!
The brow of Dian, bright, serenely chaste,
The neck of Hebe, eyes of Ariadne,
The zone of Venus girding round that waist.

And what a form! Oh, never Grecian sculptor
Shaped out a Nereid from the marble stone
Half so divinely fair, and in a moment
Dead love returns and claims his fallen throne.

From a high mountain you have seen a sunset
Show for a moment through the parting gloom,
So came that vision, and so swift its passage,
Then deeper, darker spreads the boding gloom.

So fades the rainbow and so fall the roses,
Life's joys are only shown us and withdrawn;
Once more the weary tramp, the lonely meal,
The drudging labour till the grey of dawn.

ROLLICKING DAYS.

OUR grandfathers, or perhaps it would be better to say, our great-grandfathers, were rollicking boys in their time. They were good at hunting, good at fighting, and more than good at drinking. They lived much in the open air, did not smoke to excess, and were rough, ready, honest people, who despised effeminacy, scorned the milk-sops, or, as they sometimes called them, the Jenny Jessamies, for preferring the ladies' chamber to the fields of Diana or Mars, or the festivals of Bacchus. Even so recently as fifty years ago hard drinking was the rule, and abstinence the exception. Not that our grandfathers got very drunk; it was a point of honour with them to drink a great deal without becoming intoxicated, and to "carry their wine" like gentlemen, none the worse for an extra bottle. But our great-grandfathers, a hundred years ago, drank harder than their

sons who came after them, and thought it the test of a good fellow to be what was called a "three-bottle man," to "leave no heel-taps," never to shirk the liquor, or be the first to propose joining the ladies. In the words of Robert Burns, he was considered a coward loon who set the example of breaking up the party; and he who could imbibe the most liquor, and remain erect on his chair after all the rest of the company had fallen helpless under the table, was "king among them a'." In those days, in default of conversation, which was sometimes too apt to degenerate into quarrelsomeness and unpleasant personalities, a song was found extremely useful to keep the company in good-humour. He who could sing, and would not contribute in this way to the conviviality of the company, had to drink a glass of salt and water as a penalty for contumacy, or was expected to give a toast or sentiment.

This ultra-bacchanalian period of English social history may be said to have commenced with the Cavaliers, during the Revolution, and to have been continued by them during the Protectorate—not only because it was the fashion, but because it was opposed to the practice and the teaching of the Puritans and Roundheads. It remained the fashion of the upper and middle classes for the whole of the eighteenth century, and so late as the Regency and the close of the reign of George the Third, when the first symptoms of a much needed reform became visible. How long the fashion lasted, and how hard it was to uproot, appears from references and allusions in the literature of the time. Dean Ramsay's amusing *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character* are full of it. "Nothing," says the dean, "can more powerfully illustrate the deep-rooted character of intemperate habits in some families, than an anecdote which was related to me as coming from the late Mr. Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*. He had been involved in a regular drinking party. He was keeping as free from the usual excesses as he was able, and as he marked companions around him falling victims to the power of drink, he himself dropped off under the table among the slain, as a measure of precaution. Lying there, his attention was called to a small pair of hands working at his throat. On asking what it was, a voice replied: 'Sir, I'm the lad that's to loosen the neckcloths.'"

"There was," adds the dean in another

portion of his little book, "a sort of fascination in the supposed dignity and manliness attached to powers of deep potation, and the fatal effects of drinking were spoken of in a manner both reckless and unfeeling. A well-known laird of the old school expressed himself with great indignation against the charge that hard drinking actually killed people. 'Na, na! I never knew anybody that was killed with drinking, though I have known some that died in the *training*!'"

The bacchanalian songs and other effusions of the rollicking time, now happily departed, form a curious chapter in literary history. From the days of Sir John Falstaff, down to those of Captain Morris of the Guards, who wrote and sang songs for the congenial spirits who met round the board of the Prince Regent, when that personage was the arbiter of fashion and taste, the convivial songs that were written and published would, if collected together, form many hundreds of volumes. One of the very earliest of English drinking-songs was written by John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells, in praise of good ale. But from the date of that composition, the end of the sixteenth century (the bishop was born in 1542 and died in 1607), no convivial songs or ballads of any note or merit were written in praise of any drink but wine. Neither beer nor spirits were inspiring enough to prompt a song or a ballad that was not the vilest of doggerel, though both the Scotch and the Irish produced some very fair compositions in praise of the whisky that the Celtic nations love so unwisely and so well. The only notable exception that I have been able to discover is in Dibdin's sea songs in praise of the sailor's beverage "grog." Sack and sherry were the wines first in favour with the convivial poets, and after them, as a taste for French wines sprang up among the wealthy, came claret, burgundy, and champagne, as the themes for song; but no one ever wrote in praise of port or madeira. Claret and burgundy continued to be the chief favourites as long as convivial songs were written and sung. The earliest songs of the kind were modelled more or less on the anacreontic pattern, and made constant mention of the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology, and celebrated Bacchus, as if he were a real divinity, whose favour was to be won by copious libations at his shrine, and who looked upon the water-drinker with abhorrence.

The age was one of unblushing vice

and effrontery, mingled with false pretence. Love played at masquerade; and the song-writers, deriving their inspirations, not at first hand from Nature, but at second-hand from the classical writers of antiquity, whom they parodied, made every lover a shepherd, in a court dress of satin or velvet, with gold buttons; gave him shoes with silver buckles, a curly wig à la Louis Quatorze or Charles the Second, and a Greek or Roman name. Lovers in those days had no such honest names as John or Thomas, or Edward or Charles, but were all Strephons, or Adonises, or Varros. Every lass was an Arcadian shepherdess, with dainty shoes and ribbons to them, with silk stockings and spangled robe as short as that of a ballet-dancer; and she, too, instead of being called Mary, or Ellen, or Margaret, was Chloe, Phœbe, Lesbia, or Sophonisba. To judge of the English by their bacchanalian and amatory songs at this time, they might have been ranked as a nation of pagans. There was no such thing as love in literature; but, instead of it, Cupid was continually shooting his "darts," rhyming them, as well as aiming them, at "hearts." The word marriage was never mentioned; but the happy pair went to "the altar of Hymen." A breeze was not a breeze, but a Zephyr; the storm was Boreas, the sun was Sol or Phœbus, and the moon was Cynthia, Diana, or Luna. Every pretty girl, if not a shepherdess in a dress like a ballet-dancer, was a Venus if she were kind, and a Diana if she were coy. Bacchus was the God of Drunkenness, to whom continual appeals were made to drown Care in a wine-butt, or a bowl, or in any other way, to drive him out of the world. Of the kind of song that was most in favour at this time, the following, by Henry Carey, author of *Sally in our Alley*, will afford a favourable—or if the reader pleases an unfavourable—specimen:

Bacchus must now his power resign;
I am the only god of wine.
It is not fit the wretch should be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he!

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
Stock it with nothing else but wine;
Let wine its only product be;
Let wine be earth, and air, and sea,

and oh, drunken and selfish poet, if he meant what he sang!

And let that wine be all for me!

The bacchanalian writers sometimes affected to ignore Venus altogether. Unlike Captain Watte, who "was all for love and

a little for the bottle," they were all for the bottle, and despised love as beneath the majesty of their manhood. One of the ultra-convivial songs of the time, as it appears in an excellent and now scarce collection,* says:

My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joys for a goblet of wine,
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Another anacreontic declares that beauty when it grows old ceases to charm; but that nothing so true can be said of wine:

Chloe's roses and lilies are just in their prime,
But roses and lilies are conquered by time,
But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows
That we like it the better the older it grows.

One of the most noted bacchanalian poems brought into favour in the time of King Charles the Second, was paraphrased from Anacreon by Cowley, and is a composition not consistent with modern ideas, except in so far as one may be tempted to admire the ingenious perversity which pressed all Nature into the service of drink:

The thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
And thirsts and gapes for drink again.
The sea itself (which one would think,
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So full that they o'erflow the cup,
The busy sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea; and when he's done
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high!
Fill all the glasses up, for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

It would tend neither to amusement nor to edification to go through the weary catalogue of the poets who degraded their talents or their genius to the laudation of drunkenness, or of the conviviality which, without intending it, very commonly and much too frequently ended in helpless inebriety. One of the songs, about the last of its race, written about the middle of the reign of George the Third, when the vice was in its full vigour, and had not received the slightest beneficial change from a superior morality, contains a chronological account, true or false, of the drinking capacities of all the kings of England, from Charles the Second to the youth of the prince, who was afterwards George the Fourth, of delectable memory.

Upon the subject of English Drinking-Songs, it has been justly observed by the Reverend Mr. Plumptre, in the introduction to a collection, published in 1805,

* The Convivial Songster, being a select collection of the best songs in the English language, humorous and satirical. London: J. Fielding, 1782.

just as the drinking habits of our ancestors were beginning to give way to more refined and civilised tastes and customs, that "every nation, in proportion as it is civilised, has abolished intemperance in wine, and, consequently, must be barbarous in proportion as it is addicted to excess. The remark, I am rather apprehensive, will be found no very great compliment to the people of this kingdom. We are apt to place good fellowship in riot, and have but too natural a promptitude in imagining that the happiness of an evening is promoted by an extravagant circulation of the glass; hence are our songs of festivity (as I have already taken notice), fraught with continual encomiums on the pleasures of intoxication, and the whole tribe of bacchanalian lyrics perpetually telling us how wonderfully sensible it is to destroy our senses, and how nothing can be more rational in a human creature than to drink till he has not left himself a single glimmer of reason at all. But if, abstracted from the brutal intention of our drinking-songs in general, we should come to consider their merit as literary performances, how very few of them should we find worth a station on a cobbler's stall, or deserving the attention of an auditory at Billingsgate! The best are but so many strings of unmeaning puns and ill-managed conceits, and betray not more the ignorance of their encouragers than the barrenness of their authors!"

To sit six or seven hours over the bottle, drinking for drinking's sake, would certainly, if there had been no intervals in the dreary business, have required the useful services of the boy who untied the neckcloths at an early period of the evening. To prolong the bout, and create intervals between the potations, the song, the toast, and the sentiment, with occasional speeches interspersed, were both desirable and necessary. The mere toper who could not sing, was but a poor bon vivant. Accordingly, the art of singing was considered one of the first accomplishments of every one who aspired to be a good fellow. The compiler of the Convivial Singer, in the introduction to his volume, gave his readers some very sensible advice upon this subject. "Though," says he, "a fine voice is very delightful, if well managed, yet it often happens that in a large company the person with the worst voice shall give the greatest pleasure. This is occasioned either by a happy taste in selecting good words, and giving them

a pointed yet easy expression, or by some humorous peculiarity in the singer. . . . It appears to be a first principle among those who understand good breeding, and it is, indeed, a very necessary one, not to need much entreaty to sing. There is no person who has been at all in the world, but must remember the frequent chagrin he has seen a whole company thrown into by the ill-mannered obstinacy of an individual. If we go into society it is our duty to be conformable and good-humoured; and let a person's voice and ear be ever so indifferent, it is very possible to choose a short song to sing as a specimen, which may at once put an end to entreaty and controversy, by proving a want of ability. This disposition to oblige establishes the reputation of cheerfulness, good sense, and propriety; the reverse must, consequently, have the contrary effect. It should be remembered, likewise, that to sing without being requested, is equally improper, as it always makes a person appear vain, and sometimes contemptibly so." This worthy and very judicious mentor of the social board, gave nine rules for singing, on each of which he dilated at considerable length; and all of which, if properly studied by the young ladies of the present century, would be as useful now as they were to the gentlemen of the early days of George the Third. First, to pronounce the words articulately and with a proper emphasis; second, to open the mouth and give the sounds free utterance; third, not to pronounce words that begin with a vowel as if they began with a consonant; fourth, not to sing beyond the natural power and compass of the voice; fifth, to sing from the chest and not from the throat; sixth, not to sing through the nose; seventh, to avoid vulgarity of manner; eighth, not to be too fond of trills and graces; and ninth, to sing naturally and without affectation of any kind. This last rule he considered to be the summing up of every rule in one. "To be simple and unaffected in voice, manner, and expression, to fall naturally into the passion of the song, let it be of what kind it will, and to execute it feelingly without affectation, grimace, or any apparent efforts, but such as are proper to the passion; this is to be an excellent singer."

Those who could not, or would not sing, were exonerated, if they would either tell a story or an anecdote, or, as we have said, would favour the company with a toast or sentiment. These toasts,

to our modern way of thinking, were not always very decorous, though sometimes they were so moral and pious that they might have been delivered from the pulpit. A few of those most in favour at the convivial parties, where politics were not allowed to be mentioned, may be cited, as showing the spirit and the manners of the time:

The honest fellow that speaks his mind as freely when he is sober as when he is drunk.

The lass and the glass, and the merry good fellow,
Who's always good company when he gets mellow.

May we breakfast with Health, dine with Friendship, crack a bottle with Mirth, and sup with Contentment.

A hearty supper, a good bottle, and a soft bed to the man who fights the battles of his country.

The honest fellow that loves his bottle at night, and his business in the morning.

A good horse, a warm house, a snug estate, and a pretty wife to every man that deserves them.

May we draw upon the Bank of Content to supply the deficiencies of Fortune.

Among the political toasts (in 1782) that "were drunk at some late convivial and patriotic meetings," and were "the production of some of the most celebrated characters in the country," were several that would not be inappropriate at the present time, if it were the fashion to propose them. Half a dozen of them will suffice.

May Great Britain, like a tennis-ball, rebound the more the harder she is struck.

The friends of religious toleration, whether they are within or without the Establishment.

May the people of England always oppose a bad ministry, and give vigour to a good one.

May the tree of British liberty be fructified by American independence.

The memory of our brave ancestors who brought about the glorious revolution, and may a similar spirit actuate their descendants.

May the armies of Great Britain always be successful in a good cause, and never employed in a bad one.

The Americans, who, in some social respects, retain the English manners of a hundred years ago, have not yet wholly parted with the custom of proposing sentiments. They carry it, in fact, much further than the English ever did; for they bring

the agencies of science to their aid, and flash their "sentiment" along the electric wire. The President does not attend public or private dinners during his term of office, unless he gives them himself; but his Secretary of State and other secretaries and high officials are not subjected to the same etiquette. If invited to a public dinner—perhaps a thousand, or it may be a couple of thousand, miles from Washington—and they find it inconvenient to attend they send a sentiment, in the shape of a telegram, to be read at the meeting to prove that though the statesman be absent from the company in the flesh, he is present with them in the spirit, and sympathises in the political object which has brought them together, whether it be that the United States may whip all creation, or may simply annex Cuba or Canada.

The old convivial spirit is fast dying out, and drinking songs are no longer heard, except on the stage. Gentlemen do not linger over their wine; and if they do, they would almost as soon think of standing upon their heads as of singing a song. Songs are left to the ladies in the drawing-room, and if the gentlemen take part with them, there is as little as possible of conviviality in their performance. The improvement in social manners, especially as regards the abuse of wine, is great; though it might, perhaps, be wished that men had become temperate in their liquor without becoming dull and unsocial. Anything more dull, more formal, and in the main more truly unsocial than a large dinner party at the present day, it is very difficult to imagine. Our ancestors were a rougher generation than we are; but it may well be admitted that with all their roughness there was sometimes a very great deal of hearty good-humour, as well as good fellowship; and that if they erred on the side of over-warmth, their sons and grandsons have gone towards the other extreme, and have become chilly, if not positively cold, in their social intercourse.

IN THAT STATE OF LIFE.

CHAPTER X.

WE must now return to Mortlands and John Miles.

Lady Herriesson had received no second letter from her daughter; and Sir Andrew had at last felt it necessary to insert an advertisement in the Times; but of so vague a nature that it was difficult for even

those who knew to whom it referred to recognise Maud in the description given of the "missing young lady."

One Saturday morning, as the curate was leaving the school, the mistress said to him:

"I suppose, sir, you have heard the news about Mary Hind?"

"No—what?"

"She is to be married to-day, sir. Mrs. Jones came from Bristol yesterday, and chanced to meet her, and Mary told her herself, and seemed surprised it wasn't known at Mortlands, for she said she had written to Miss Pomeroy long ago; but I suppose the letter came after Miss Pomeroy went, or you would have heard it, leastways—"

The good woman went on to repeat all that Mrs. Jones had told her as to Mary's good fortune; but the curate lent only half an ear to her discourse. His thoughts had shot suddenly into a side-groove, whereby this subject connected itself with the one which now mainly engrossed him. During the past fortnight, nearly everything to which he tried to turn his attention did so connect itself. 'Liza was seriously disquieted about her master. As she observed to all her friends, his conduct was quite unnatural. Whereas he was always wont to praise her broths and bread-and-butter puddings, he now never noticed what victuals she set before him. If the neighbourhood was still in a state of ferment about Miss Pomeroy's disappearance, it may be imagined what far deeper interest that subject had for the curate whose love, though he felt it to be irrational and utterly hopeless, nothing could ever destroy. At first, as I have said, he tried to believe that she had taken refuge with some friend. But why, then, this mystery? this obstinate silence? She was of age, and might insist upon choosing her own residence, if any one had offered her a home. She had not a farthing of her own: that he knew, for she had told him so. What course had she taken which necessitated such a scandal as this? Why should she be at such pains to baffle every effort to trace her hiding-place?

The school-mistress's words, then, set John thinking on the old subject, only, this time with new matter for speculation. The postmark on Maud's letter to Lady Herriesson had been *Bristol*—yet every inquiry instituted there had proved fruitless. Maud, he knew, had heard from Mary Hind—at least so she had told him—only three or

four days before her flight. If so, if she had received a letter from the girl, it must have been the one notifying to her former mistress the girl's projected change of condition. At all events one thing was clear: she had not taken service, as Miss Pomeroy had given him to understand Mary was about to do, having obtained a situation mainly through the instrumentality of his written recommendation. He went over, in his own mind, every little circumstance of that last morning's interview, when he had chanced to pick up the letter Maud had dropped. He recalled now the fact that the letter was directed to M. H., and remembered, too, the momentary look of vexation on Maud's face, when he gave her the letter, and the explanation which she had tendered, an explanation which then had seemed so perfectly satisfactory. Putting one thing with another, now, however, it seemed to afford some possible clue to this mystery, though so slight as probably to break in the unravelling. How should he follow it up? He tried to remember the address, stamped in blue upon the back of the envelope, but he could not. The only thing he felt nearly sure of was that the post-town was *Salisbury*. Now, in Salisbury lived the old aunt of whom mention has been already made.

Sitting in his little study that evening, with the notes of the morrow's sermon before him, he found his thoughts rebelliously wandering, do what he would, until he started up with a sudden resolution.

"It is no use going on like this—I will go to Bristol on Monday. I have not been absent for more than a year. The vicar cannot refuse me three or four days. . . . See Mary, and learn from her exactly when, and what she wrote to Miss Pomeroy, also whether she knows anything of that letter which Miss Pomeroy said was from a lady engaging Mary's services. . . . If I can gain no satisfactory information, then I will go on to Salisbury, to my aunt's, and see what I can do there. Anyhow, I believe it is better for me than remaining here, doing nothing."

After this, he was able to turn to his sermon, and to perform his duty the following day with more concentration of mind. He said nothing, either to Lady Herriesson or to any one else of his object: he simply notified to the rector that he had urgent reasons for wishing to absent himself for some days; undertaking to be back, at latest, on the following Saturday. And early on Monday morning he set out.

At Bristol he met with a disappointment which might almost have been foreseen. The newly-married couple were away, at Weston-super-Mare: they would not be back till the Wednesday: so John made up his mind to follow them. He did not reach Weston till so late, however, that he thought it best to delay seeing Mary till the next morning; when he found her all smiles, and blushing red roses at the unexpected sight of the curate on the beach. In less than ten minutes he had gained the information he needed. Mary had never heard of a situation: there never had been any question of one between Miss Pomeroy and herself. She had written to the young lady to announce her engagement, and had received a kind letter in reply, which she was able to show John Miles—its date being of importance—and then she had heard no more, until the few lines came, enclosing the letter to Lady Herriesson. This Mary had posted, as she was desired, and would have preserved a strict silence on the subject, but for the curate's urgent and searching inquiries. She could not resist them. The Reverend John Miles had been the girl's second conscience for the last four years. When she came to learn that her dear young mistress was missing, and the anxiety that prevailed on her account, she told him at once all she knew. It was little enough: and yet sufficient to strengthen the growing suspicion in John's mind. The cover of this letter (without date) Mary had not kept; but she had had the curiosity to examine the postmark, and she felt very certain it was Salisbury.

Here, then, were the facts John had elicited. First, that two days prior to the one on which she told him that Mary had found a situation, Maud had received and answered the girl's letter which announced her marriage. Consequently, there could not be a doubt that Maud had purposely deceived him. What had been her object? Secondly, the letter which came from Salisbury, and was directed to M. H., was clearly not meant for Mary Hind. Thirdly, Miss Pomeroy's lines, enclosing the letter to her mother, which she had sent to Bristol, evidently to avoid being traced by the postmark, had come also from Salisbury. John Miles had no longer any doubt that somewhere in the neighbourhood of Salisbury she was to be found. And, moreover, a suspicion of the truth, or of something very like it, was now taking possession of his mind. He knew Maud's

character; he knew that nothing was more likely than that, when she had fled from her step-father's house, it should have been with the determination to work for her own bread, and no longer to eat the bread of idleness. And he began to perceive how his certificate to Mary Hind's character might have been turned to account. If resolved to support herself by entering service in any capacity whatsoever, Miss Pomeroy would certainly do so under an assumed name. It seemed very probable to Miles, as he thought the matter over in the train, that she should have adopted that of her former maid. At all events, having such very slight materials to guide his inquiries, he made up his mind that they should, in the first instance, take this direction.

John's aunt lived in the Close at Salisbury. Mrs. Hicks was a widow of independent means, an excellent, charitable woman—charitable in the highest sense of the term—who, though she had lived out of the world all her life, possessed the rare virtue of indulgence to the weaknesses of those who had been otherwise tried than herself. The dangers that beset beauty, brilliant talents, rank, and wealth—these had never been hers: she had had her share of difficulty and sorrow, no doubt; but her troubles had not hardened the ground whereon they had fallen like the frost, but had rather softened it, like the dew, to receive and nourish the good seed dropped there. She was now very infirm, and had had one or two serious attacks within the last few years, which had left her in a condition requiring the greatest care and watchfulness. Her old maid-servant, Martha, a good, kindly soul, was not much fitted for any service requiring prevision, suggestion, or indeed any departure from the narrow treadmill of duties which she had faithfully performed for years. She was a humble-minded woman, revering her mistress (as, indeed, did all the servants), and affording as great a contrast to Mrs. Rouse, in all ways, as could be met with in the county of Wilts. Mrs. Hicks was much attached to John, and had the highest opinion of him, and by many he was looked upon as her heir; but, as the deceased Hicks had left several nephews, it was doubtful whether the widow's sense of justice would permit her to endow her own kith with the fortune left her by her husband. However this might be, she always bade John consider her house as his home; and whenever he afforded himself a holiday it was hither he came.

It had not been possible for him to announce his coming; and when he drove up late on Tuesday evening to the little gabled house in the Close, his arrival was the pleasantest of surprises to the old lady. He had made up his mind to tell her everything, as, indeed, under the circumstances, he could hardly avoid doing. Besides, her long knowledge of the neighbourhood might materially assist his inquiries. She heard, of course, with astonishment a narration so far removed from all her experience, and she was shocked by it; but the feeling uppermost in her mind was one of pity for the unhappy girl who had been led to take this extraordinary step.

"How much the poor young woman must have suffered, my dear John, before she could have brought herself to do such a thing! . . . And so you have no other clue than that the postmark was 'Salisbury'?"

"None. I think, if I were to see the name of the place, I might know it. And, perhaps, I might recognise the writing. At least, I remember its striking me as peculiar—like what I imagine foreign hands to be—fine and cramped; but then, no doubt, every foreign governess writes a hand of that sort, so that is not much clue. . . . I will go to the post-office in the morning, and get them to give me a list of the places near this that send their letters into Salisbury. I will also speak to the police, and see if they can help me; but it is rather working in the dark."

The inspector proved to be a remarkably intelligent man. The whole of the next day was occupied in prosecuting inquiries in different directions. John had obtained an accurate description of Maud's dress.

"You expect the young lady has gone into service, sir? If so, it is probable she will have got rid of her clothes. We'll go round to the slop-shops and find out if any things of the sort described here have been sold there within the last few weeks. . . . If we find them, we are sure we are on the right track, at all events. Then about the post, sir; if they've any observation at all, they ought to know such a hand as you describe, coupled with the name on the cover. There ain't so many bags from the neighbouring houses and villages after all."

The inspector's efforts were crowned with success. John accompanied him to the shop where the woman distinctly remembered the circumstance of Maud's coming

there early one morning about a month back, and selling the only costly garments upon her, while she bought others of a simple kind, together with a bag full of linen which had been carried for her to the station by the shop-boy. The lad, being questioned, could not tell for what station the young woman had taken a ticket, nor were porters or station-master able to throw any light on the subject; but here the post-office stepped in. Out of all the houses whose bags were sent direct to the Salisbury office, a certain number only were on this line of rail. Their names were submitted to John: he selected, after some hesitation, four or five, and among these Beckworth House happened to be the only one that sent out envelopes stamped in blue on the back. After this, the description of Mrs. Cartaret's handwriting, which was well known at the post, removed any further doubt; and the information, furnished by those tradesmen who served her, as to the constant changes that took place in her maids, pointed at once to the direction which John's search must first take. Early the following morning he put himself into the train for Beckworth; and, after an interview with the station-master, who not only remembered the fact of Maud's arrival, but, being a friend of Mr. Dapper's, had heard that gentleman's jealous sneers touching his master's admiration for the young woman, and the "pretty way" in which they "carried it on" together, after obtaining, in short, more information than he had bargained for, John Miles walked slowly up to the house, heavy at heart, awkward, and ill-at-ease. Now, that the difficulties of his undertaking were apparently overcome, he felt that they were, in reality, only beginning. What should he say to the sheep who had wandered from his fold?

CHAPTER XI.

"COME! off with you, young man!" cried Mrs. Rouse, taking a rapid survey of the stranger, from the crown of his soaked hat over a well-splashed "Inverness," down to the muddy boots that encased his huge feet. "Don't be a-bringing of your dirt in here. We don't allow no followers. We've trouble enough with Mary Hind, without *that*."

"May I speak with you a minute, ma'am? I am the clergyman of her parish, through whose recommendation—I believe—she got this place."

"Oh! Is that it? Well, I beg your pardon, sir—I didn't—please to walk this way. I can't say as the young woman's much credit to the parish. I'm just worried out o' my life by her. I wish to goodness," she continued, as they reached the housekeeper's room, and she shut the door, "I wish to goodness she had never set her foot here; and—meaning no disrespect to you, sir—I can't say as she's a bit fit for service, though she may have done well enough in your school. But we don't want no schollards here," added Mrs. Rouse, with a lively sense of the injury which Maud's accomplishments in this line had wrought.

"I can quite understand—I am afraid that she made a mistake in entering service," said Miles; (and had he been the oldest diplomatist, he could have said nothing better calculated to mollify Mrs. Rouse). "It is to try and induce her to return to her friends that I am come here."

"You'll find it precious hard work I expect, sir, but I only hope you'll succeed. The girl is an artful hussy, that's what she is, sir, who turns all the men's heads, and the sooner she's packed off, the better. If I'd had *my* way, she'd ha' been off before now, in double-quick time; but Mrs. Cartaret is that taken with her parleyvousing, she can't see the plain truth, nor won't, till it's too late—that's my belief."

"You are mistaken," said John, hurriedly, and he felt himself colouring, as he spoke, which made him worse. "The girl is not what you believe her to be. She is not artful: believe me—I know her well. But you cannot be more anxious than I am that she should quit a situation for which—she is altogether unfit."

"Then, may I be so bold as to ask why you recommended her, sir?" said Mrs. Rouse, sharply; and she enjoyed the triumph of witnessing the curate's inability to parry this home-thrust. He fidgeted about on the black horsehair chair, and looked uncomfortable. Then, with a sort of sublime pity, she continued: "But Lor' bless you, sir, I don't blame you. How was *you* to know? I suppose, now, you thought in the school that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth? She's not a young woman, now, as you'd expect to be encouraging a young gentleman, as his intentions can't, in course, be honourable—a-kissing in passages, and a-carrying on shameful—you wouldn't expect it? No;

but you mark my words, she is up to a little game here, sir, as you'll find she'll not readily give up. If she *do*, I'll give you leave to say she's not artful, and call me a fool into the bargain."

John Miles was certainly not a man to take on trust anything a woman like Mrs. Rouse might insinuate. He was indignant at the woman's vulgar malignity, which it was not difficult to surmise had its root in jealousy; and he would ask for no explanation of her words. But, nevertheless, could such things as he had heard at the station, and now again from Mrs. Rouse, could such things be said without some foundation? It was scandal; but what could have given rise to such scandal? He felt perplexed. Mrs. Rouse, in the mean time, was examining his nose, and speculating whether he drank.

"Will you tell her that I am here?" he said, quietly, at last. "I hope to prove to you that you are wrong. I have very little doubt that, after a short conversation with me, Mary Hind will see the advisability of returning to her friends."

Ten minutes later Maud entered the room. She looked pale and worn; but there was a hard, set look about the mouth which told of struggle and resolution. The first shock of finding herself tracked (and by Miles, too, of all men!) had unnerved her. She had sat down with her head between her hands, after Mrs. Rouse had left the room, and had thought how she should meet him; what she should say; above all, what she should *do*. And then, at last, she had risen, and like a hunted stag brought to bay, had turned to face her pursuer.

Mrs. Rouse, in the mean time, resorted to one of those expedients for obtaining an exact knowledge of what passed in the interview between Mary Hind and the red-nosed parson, which she probably defended at the bar of her own conscience, upon the principle of "the end justifying the means." In the still-room, which adjoined the housekeeper's room, where Miles was now waiting, was a deep cupboard, the back of which had been a door, communicating between the two rooms, across which shelves had been nailed. When the cupboard-door stood open, therefore, everything that passed in the housekeeper's room could be most distinctly heard; and Mrs. Rouse, cognisant of this fact, always jealously kept it locked. Upon this occasion, after locking herself into the still-room, she noiselessly applied a key from

the bunch at her side to the cupboard lock, and having opened it, she posted herself so that no word of what followed escaped her.

Miles came forward quickly, and took Maud's hand. He was more moved than she was, and could not speak for a moment or two; it was she who began.

"How did you trace me? And why? It would have been kinder not to do so. What is the use of it? I am resolved not to go back to the house of my step-mother's husband."

"Miss Pomeroy. I have no right to inquire what causes led to your leaving it; but——"

"But I wish you to know them. I left it because my life, which had long been miserable, became insupportable when I refused to exchange it for a yet worse slavery. You know something of that, Mr. Miles. The taunts to which I was subjected, drove me to take the step I did, one which I don't in the least regret, one from which I will not go back. I prefer working for my bread, even as a menial, to being dependent on the charity of a man who was at no pains to conceal that I was a burden on him. Now, Mr. Miles, you know all."

John had by this time completely recovered his self-possession. He spoke earnestly, almost sternly, and became ennobled, as he always did, when carried away by the sheer force of the words he held himself bound to utter.

"Who placed you in that position? Was it your own act? Do you remember our conversation on the subject of duty? You have abandoned yours. You have left that state of life to which you were called, to embrace one with other duties which were never meant for you. And the manner in which you have done this is utterly unjustifiable."

"What duties did I abandon? Who wanted me? Their sole object, as I told you long ago, was to get rid of me. They would have been too glad had I run away with any man of five thousand a year. But because I ran away to earn my own bread, and because I am resolved to continue working, their pride will suffer. That is all."

"Even admitting what you say to be true (though I believe Lady Herriesson has suffered much on your account), it does not affect the question. We have a duty to our own conscience which can never depend on the conduct of others."

"I have done nothing my conscience reproaches me with," she said, doggedly.

"Then if you maintain that you are justified in taking this step," he continued, "why all this concealment? Why cause Lady Herriesson so much unnecessary anxiety?"

"Because it was useless to wound her pride, and create a disturbance by announcing my determination of earning my own bread. I wrote to let her know I was well and happy, which was more than I could have done had I been the wife of Mr. Durborough, as she wished."

"And was it true, Miss Pomeroy? I doubt it. You look far from well, and I cannot believe that you are happy in a position, among a set of people, so utterly unlike anything you have been used to, and who regard you with mistrust. Is not this true? I gather it from what that vulgar woman said to me just now."

"What did she say?" asked Maud, quickly, looking up into his face.

"She seemed to be very anxious you should go."

"I shall not go—I shall not go, if it depends upon me. I may be driven away, of course, if you insist on telling my step-mother where I am; but——"

"Be advised, Miss Pomeroy, and avoid all the pain and scandal of an explanation in this house, by quietly leaving at once. I will see Mrs. Cartaret, and take the odium of this upon myself."

"And where should I go? For return to Mortlands I never will."

"As a temporary measure, I propose that you should take refuge with an old aunt of mine at Salisbury, who will receive you as a mother. You can write to Lady Herriesson from there; you can discuss your future plans, and nothing need ever be known of your having been in service. Believe me, this is the wisest course now to retrieve the past."

She shook her head. "I do not wish to retrieve the past as you call it. No, Mr. Miles, I am grateful to you for all your interest in me, and I dare say you are right. Perhaps it would be the wisest course, but I can't pursue it for all that. I cannot leave this house unless I am compelled."

"But this is sheer madness. Why create an unnecessary scandal? Of course, I *must* let your mother know where you are. If Sir Andrew comes down here, and has an interview with Mrs. Cartaret, a distressing, and to you most humiliating, scene

must follow. Why not avoid this while there is yet time?"

"Because, if you must know the truth, I have promised. I have given my word that, for a certain time, nothing should induce me to leave Mrs. Cartaret of my own free will."

He looked at her for a moment with a pained wonderment, and began fiddling with the pens on the table.

"You mean that you made such a promise to Mrs. Cartaret? Leave me to explain——"

"It is not to Mrs. Cartaret I made the promise."

"To whom, then?" Here he split a pen in two.

"That you must excuse my saying. It is enough that, whether rightly or wrongly, I have made such a promise. I am sure you are the last person who would have me break it."

Poor John felt as if a dagger had been driven into him, somewhere near his heart. To whom could the girl have made such a promise? To whom but to the man Mrs. Rouse had alluded to, and whose name Miles had heard, as common gossip at the railway station, coupled with Maud's? The station-master's words and the house-keeper's yet coarser insinuations, like horrid phantoms, which no force of reason will dismiss, had haunted him ever since, and now they rose up stronger and blacker, allying themselves to Maud's vague avowal in his distressing perplexity. He wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, as he stood there, leaning one clumsy hand on the green-baize cloth of the table in the centre of the room, shuffling about with his feet, and looking into her face with such piteous anxiety as must have touched her, but that her eyes were turned towards the window. Throughout the interview, indeed, it was notable how Maud, unlike her old, fearless self, seemed to avoid meeting Miles's gaze. Once or twice she turned suddenly towards him, and their eyes flashed, as it were: otherwise she kept hers doggedly fixed upon the laurels outside the window. She sat, with her arms folded, and never changed her position. Miles stood during the whole interview.

"Miss Pomeroy," he said, in a husky voice, at last, "does the person to whom you made such a promise know the truth? Is it possible that he, or she, should hold you to it, if the simple facts of your false position here are made known? No one with a grain of right feeling could wish

you to remain here under the circumstances."

"Listen to me, Mr. Miles. I have already told you I don't want to leave this place. You think it impossible I should be happy here, in what you call my 'false position.' You do not remember how wretched I was before I came here. In spite of some drawbacks, I—I have been happier here than I have ever been before. The servants' jealousy and vulgarity are but small evils compared with the great kindness I have met with from Mrs. Cartaret. I feel that I am of real use to her. I never felt in the course of my life that I was of any use to any one before. I was very nearly going yesterday, but—I consented to stay, and now I *must* stay. If it depends upon myself, Mr. Miles, I cannot leave her. And if you are kind, you will keep my secret, and let me fight my own way."

He walked to the window and then to the mantelpiece: he took up his hat and set it down again: he could not remain still; and Maud's eyes, unconsciously, kept following the large islands which his muddy boots left upon Mrs. Rouse's carpet. Suddenly he stopped opposite to her.

"Miss Pomeroy, what you ask is quite impossible. Forgive me, but I must speak out. As clergyman of your parish, it would be sinful in me to let any false delicacy prevent my doing so. By pursuing the course you seem bent upon, you are incurring a great danger; you are imperilling that which is a woman's most precious possession—your reputation."

She started up, her cheeks suddenly a-flame, and looked at him indignantly, without speaking. He went on at once:

"That woman knows my object in coming here, and she predicted that I should find you resolute. I will not insult you by a repetition of what she said. It is enough that your persistence in remaining will be misconstrued. If you will not save yourself, therefore, by leaving this at once, quietly and without explanation, as can easily be managed, I must save you in spite of yourself. I must tell Mrs. Cartaret all."

"No," said Maud, passionately. "I will not have it. She will imagine—never mind what. If you choose to go and tell Sir Andrew, you can, it may be your duty, and by to-night's post I will write to him myself, and say that nothing will ever induce me to return to his house, and therefore he had better leave me in peace. That may be your duty, I repeat, but it

certainly cannot be your duty to interfere with me, here, and I must insist upon your not speaking to Mrs. Cartaret."

"I think you forget by what means you obtained this situation?" said John, speaking very slowly. "I have clearly a right to tell Mrs. Cartaret that the certificate she received in my handwriting had no reference to the person who entered her service."

Maud covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. At the same instant the door opened, and Mrs. Cartaret entered. The housekeeper, afraid that her clerical bird would escape without matters coming to a crisis, had only waited to hear Maud's reiterated declaration that she could not leave Beckworth by reason of her promise to some one, and had then hastened up to her mistress, breathless, bursting with impatience to communicate as much as she could understand of what she had overheard, and almost incoherent in the attempt to do so. The girl turned out to be some sort of lady, who had done something dreadful somewhere, and had run away, and come here under a false name, and was clearly no better than she should be. What had Mrs. Rouse always said? Now, it turned out that the creature couldn't and wouldn't leave the house because she had promised Mr. Lowndes to stay! This last shaft carried home. What? *La misérable* had said that? Had confessed that she had made a promise to *mon fils*? that she had a secret understanding with him? Ah! *mais c'est un peu trop fort*! She must see to this. And, regardless of her dressing-gown and slippers, she threw a shawl over her grey hair, and ran down-stairs. As she turned the handle of the door she caught Miles's last words.

"What does this mean?" she cried, in her high treble, walking straight up to the speaker, and fixing her bright black eyes upon him. "What does all this mean, sir? Who is this young woman? She comes to me with a false character, does she? Who is she, sir?"

"She will tell you herself, madam," murmured the curate, feeling that the avowal would come better thus.

"Mrs. Cartaret"—Maud brushed the hot tears away, and strove to speak calmly, as she turned towards the excited old lady—"Mrs. Cartaret, I see you already know the worst, all that you can possibly care to know. It little matters who I am. I am not what you have believed me to be. I deceived you, for I had no other means of getting a

situation; but what Mr. Miles said of Mary Hind I believe he would say of me. He is our curate; question him. I will not return home; nothing shall induce me. If I leave you it will be to go to London, and work for a living there. Will you cast me off, Mrs. Cartaret? You have been most kind; I never can forget your kindness. Will you not forgive me, now?"

"Forgive you? Only hear her! Listen to the impudence of the coquette! A false character—une fille qui court les aventures—who tries to entrap my son—a regular intrigante—and she asks me to forgive her! Kind? I was kind, because I thought you to be an honest girl, above deception, and I find you are as rusée as an old actress. I see now our little affair of yesterday with wide-open eyes. What! You promise monsieur mon fils not to go away, do you? And you come, with a fine indignation, to declare to me you must leave the house at once. And I am such a sotte that I do not see through it all. I would not believe my good Rouse. But enough of this. I will not listen to another word. Come, pack up your clothes, and be off, and you, sir, let me have a few words with you in private. This way." And the old lady, trembling with anger, turned towards the door. Maud stood there motionless, as if turned to stone. The bitter humiliation of that moment may surely have atoned for many of the mistakes of her life, poor girl! To her proud nature a sorer chastisement could hardly have been devised.

"I have a fly here. Be ready in a quarter of an hour if you can, and we shall save the down train," said Miles, gently, as he followed Mrs. Cartaret from the room.

What passed in that interview between the curate and the incensed old lady need not be recorded. It is sufficient to say that he sought in vain to mitigate the vehemence of her resentment against Maud. Mrs. Cartaret's suspicions being now not only aroused, but confirmed beyond the possibility of doubt, the sense of her son's danger made her pitiless to the girl, whose unhappiness had driven her to seek for an independence by means which John Miles could not attempt to justify. She would sooner have pardoned a peasant's daughter; but a young lady! to run away from home and enter service, and by a false character, too! It shocked all her fine old notions of

a gentlewoman, in the first place; in the second, she was far too sharp not to perceive that if Lowndes's infatuation should unhappily prove to be lasting, the girl's birth would prove a powerful weapon in his hands. She was too much irritated to take a dispassionate view of the case. She heard all that Miles had to say, but she shook her head incredulously when he tried to convince her that the estimate she had formed of Maud's character was utterly false, and she declined seeing her again.

"Look you, my good sir, it is of no use to say that I forgive her, because I do not. Take her home to her friends, and never let me hear of her again, if possible. Religion? Christian forgiveness? Ta-ta! That is all very well, but forgiveness does not cast out devils; and this one has made so much mischief here, and I had grown so fond of her, that I require all my force to cast her out. You see me in a rage, sir. Yes; because she made me her dupe. There, say no more about it. Pour l'amour de Dieu, let us hear no more about her!"

And so, poor girl, she went her way, her proud spirit wounded, her heart full to bursting, and with a grievous sense of injustice against which, nevertheless, she had deprived herself of all right to complain. Not yet a month had passed since she first crossed the threshold of Beckworth, and how eventful had those weeks proved to her!

Their short journey to Salisbury was performed in absolute silence. She offered no resistance to Miles's plan that she should go to his aunt's for the time being. All places were alike to her; it was a matter of indifference now where she went, provided she did not return to Mortlands.

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